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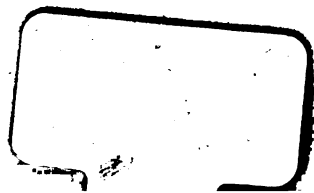
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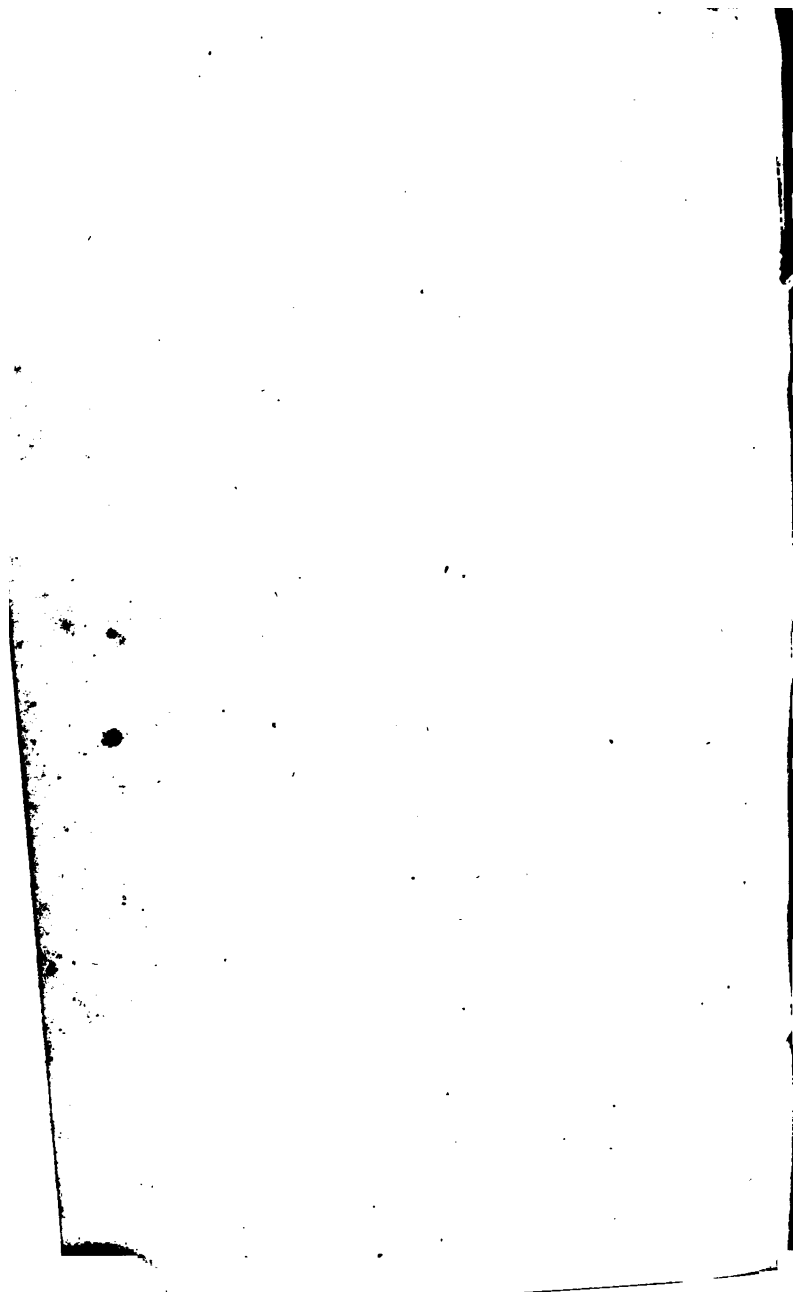
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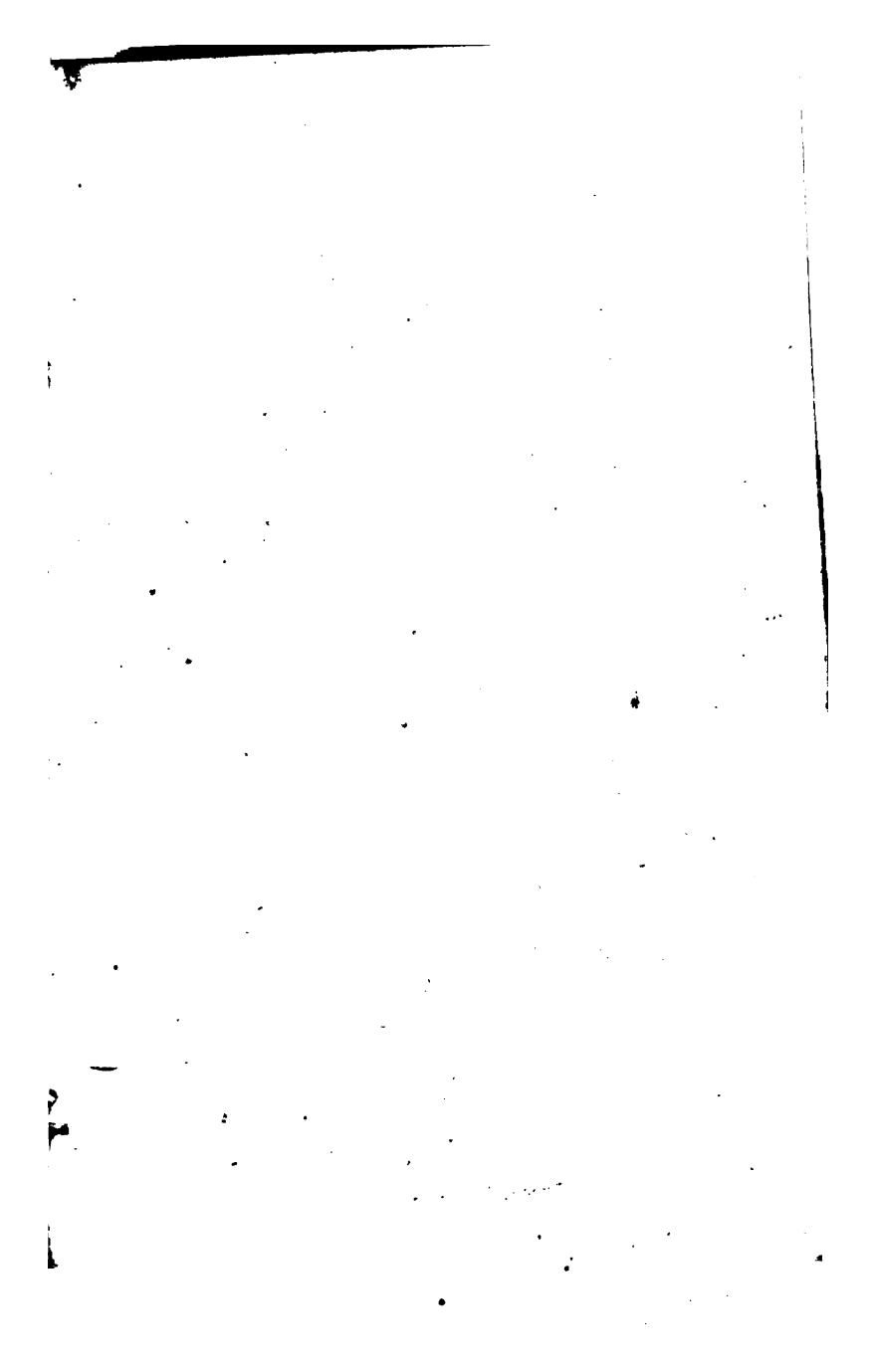
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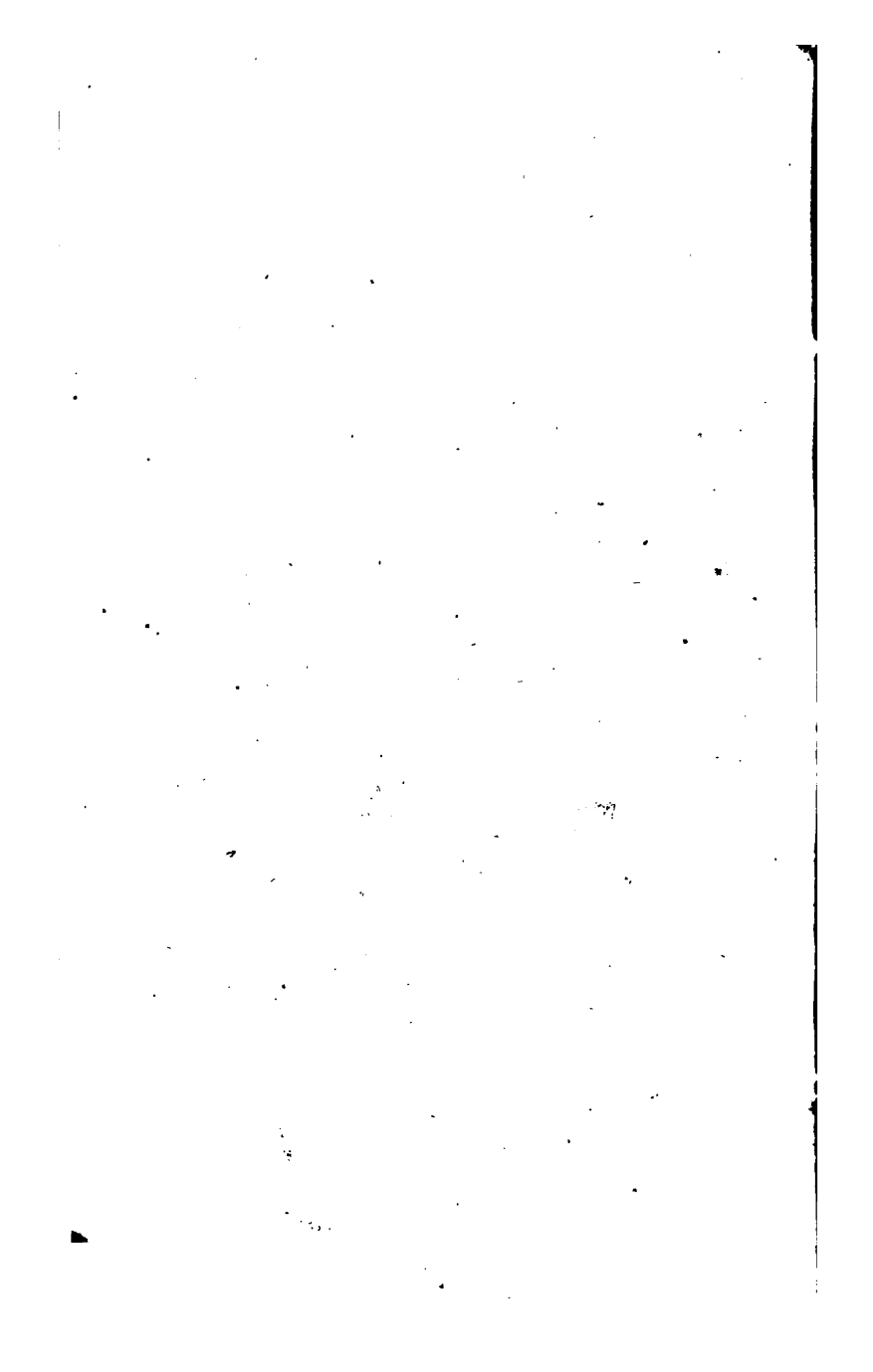
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Amelia. Dec







MEMOIRS  
OF  
MRS. ABIGAIL EAMES,  
WIFE OF THOMAS EAMES.

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"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament."  
*Daniel xii, 3.*

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."  
*Psalms cxlii, 6.*

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*Southern District of New-York, ss.*

(I. S.) **B**E IT REMEMBERED, That on the seventh day of November, A. D. 1826, in the fifty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, Thomas Eames, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"Memoirs of Mrs. Abigail Eames, wife of Thomas Eames. 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament.' Daniel xii, 3. 'The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.' Psalm cxlii, 6."

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,  
*Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.*

## PREFACE.

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**BIOGRAPHICAL** Sketches of persons eminent for true piety, who have fought the good fight of faith, and finished their course in the possession of a well grounded hope of a blissful immortality, are peculiarly encouraging to those who are either just entering the way to life, or have made some progress therein ; and especially to such as find themselves in a similar situation, and exercised in a similar manner.

The subject of the following Memoir, as will be seen by the perusal of the ensuing pages, after being awakened to a sense of her lost condition, was long and severely exercised previous to her obtaining an evidence of justification through the atoning blood. While an unwillingness to forsake all for Christ undoubtedly was the grand obstacle, it is conceived that the want of a correct view of the Scriptural doctrine of grace and salvation, full and free, and truly possible to all, greatly contributed to hinder that coming to Christ, and living faith in him, which is indispensably needful in order to the obtaining pardon and acceptance with God. To know the truth, and embrace it in the love of it, is the way of true peace ; while error leads on in a dark, uncomfortable course.

In compiling these Memoirs, it has been endeavoured, both in the extracts from her diary and letters,

as much as could consistently be done, to make use of her own words. In some cases, while the ideas have been retained, it has been found necessary to express them in different terms ; and in some few instances, to introduce an idea, or to fill up a sentence, a few words have been added.

## MEMOIRS.

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I WAS born on the 26th of August, 1769, in Canaan, Fairfield county, and state of Connecticut; of poor, but honest and industrious parents. My father, whose name was John Defrees, was brought up a Presbyterian; and was a moral man, but a stranger to vital religion. My mother (as her father was a rigid Churchman) was educated an Episcopalian. Her mother, who was a very pious woman, early taught her the principles of religion, which seemed to make a lasting favourable impression on her mind: for, as I have been told, she was very remarkable, even when a child, for her modesty and good behaviour. My father was married to her before she was fifteen years of age. They lived in harmony. I have heard my father say, he never had a word of difference with her in his life. Kind to the poor, and universally beloved, she lived the life of the righteous, and died their death.

Some time before her death, she was seized with a lingering consumption; which she endured with great patience and resignation. When the disease, which baffled the efforts of medical skill, had brought her to the borders of the grave, she called her family around to take her last farewell. In the most affectionate manner she took my father by the hand, and expressed her love to him, and concern for his welfare. He asked her if she was willing to die? With perfect composure she replied, "Yes; with all my heart, I am ready and willing to go." He added, "Are you willing to leave me and the children?" "Yes," said she, "Christ is

far better ; though if it had been the Lord's will, I should be glad to see to their bringing up ; but the will of the Lord be done ; I am content to go."

Having taken her leave of my father, and her father and mother, she next called her children, and beginning with the eldest, gave to each her dying charge, and bade them all farewell. Then turning to my father, she pointed with her finger, and said, "Do you not see Christ stand there with a chariot waiting for me?" He replied, "No ; do you see him?" "Yes," said she, and fell into a swoon. By the use of a smelling bottle she was revived, and said, "How could you bring me back again to this troublesome world? but a step, and I should have taken hold of the hand of my blessed Saviour." She continued to speak as long as she was able, expressing her earnest desire to depart and be with Christ, till at length the final moment arrived, when she closed the scene in triumph.

She was, at the time of her death, in her twenty-seventh year. I was then in my seventh year ; and though so young when she died, I have much cause for gratitude for the instructions she gave me. I still remember them with much comfort. From time to time, after this, I was followed with serious impressions, which, for a season, would interrupt my childish sports ; then I would return to them again ; till one sabbath, when about nine or ten years of age, reading, with one of my mates, a small book, by Dr. Watts, on the sufferings of Christ, strong convictions seized my mind : we both were melted into tears, and began to converse about Him who had suffered so much for sinners, and for children, and wished to become acquainted with him. At another time, after my father's second marriage, as he sat reading in the Bible, and talking with my stepmother, concerning death, judgment, and eternity, my attention was much excited, and as he repeated the word *eternity!* with great emo-

tion, and spoke of it under a feeling sense of its import, I was greatly surprised ; having never heard so much on the subject before. This set me to reading the Bible ; and for this purpose I often retired to some lonely place, and frequently was much affected with what I read. At length, however, I sinned all my convictions away, and became highly delighted with dancing and card-playing, especially the latter ; with which it might be said I was truly infatuated. And thus, in my wild career, I madly ran the downward road to ruin. Serious reflections, however, would occasionally mar my carnal joys.

When in my fifteenth year, my father with his family removed to Ridgefield. Latter part of January 1783, when we had been in Ridgefield about two or three months, considerable noise was made concerning a revival of religion among the Baptists ; to whom some, by way of derision, gave the name of *Separates*. Although quite unacquainted with them, I went one sabbath, with the multitude that thronged their meetings, to hear Mr. Justus Hull preach. Though inconsiderate, careless, and secure when I came, under the preaching of the word I was led to see my dangerous condition. His text was in Gen. xxiv, 49. I saw I did not deal kindly and truly with my Master,—and my need of an interest in the Lord Jesus. After returning from the meeting, the text and the subject were continually ringing in my ears ; “ And now, if you will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me ; and if not, tell me ; that I may turn to the right hand or to the left.” Now the pains of hell gat hold upon me ; I found trouble and sorrow. Again and again I went to hear the preacher, but durst not let any one know my state. I mourned in secret places, and often was much affected under the word, and made promises to myself to be religious ; but for fear of reproach, still joined with my youthful companions in their merry meetings. I thought I must go, or they would have it

that I was a *Separate*; and that seemed worse than death to me. The way of transgressors is hard; for ah! how severely would conscience lash me for it! My heart would sink like a millstone within me. Oh the torments of my mind! How many times did I resolve, and re-resolve, to forsake my wicked companions, and turn to God; then break my resolutions, and still go on! What a mercy that I was not cast off for ever! Sinning and repenting, I pursued the dismal road, till I had well nigh accomplished my ruin. Could I have been a Christian, and no one know it, how gladly would I have been one! But the cross I feared greatly; and to have my name cast out as evil seemed more than I could bear.

But the work of the Lord went on and prospered, and many were convicted and converted; yet I remained in deep distress, and began to think, "Now the Lord has forsaken me; I am given up to the devil, and to a reprobate mind." Sometimes I thought I would never go to meeting again, nor read my Bible more. To be converted, I thought I never could, I was such a notorious wretch; and yet I could not live without it. There was no escape; die I must, unless the Lord would have mercy on me! Above, was a frowning God; beneath, a gaping hell! My case appeared singular. Once I had a favourable opinion of myself, and thought others worse than I was: now, I seemed the wickedest wretch on earth. Not that I had been guilty of outbreking sins; but foolish talking, jesting, joking, and living a life not according to the Scriptures; God was not in all my thoughts.—I was without God in the world.

Still I continued unwilling to give up all for Christ. The love of the world, the fear of the loss of its favour, and of being forsaken by my mates on the one hand, and on the other the fear of being forsaken of God, greatly distressed me. I looked on myself as alone, and for about a year concealed the troubles of my

mind. I then began, though with reluctance, to break my mind to one and another of my best friends. I viewed myself as the most wretched and unworthy of creatures on the earth ; and was ready to wonder the earth did not open her mouth, and swallow me up, or that my breath was not stopt in an instant. Sometimes when a thunder storm arose, I thought, "Now is the time of my death !" Death I continually looked for, and thought I was ripe for damnation, and ready for hell torments. I viewed myself too bad to live, and unfit to die, and wished I was annihilated. This, however, I was convinced could not be ; and that I must be reconciled to God, or endure his wrath for ever. If I took my Bible to read, that condemned me : if I attempted to pray, I hardly knew what to say. The Lord's Prayer I could not use. Conscious I was a child of the devil, and his works I did, how could I say, "Our Father which art in heaven," &c. The publican's prayer alone suited me, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I saw he would be just in sending my soul to hell ; and one night, in a special manner, when I retired to bed, it appeared to me, if ever a soul went there, mine must be the one. I feared I should not see the light of another morning ; and my bed seemed sinking under me. Death, judgment, and eternity, were constantly before me. Oh the terrors of that dismal night !

In the morning, however, I felt a little relieved ; but this became a new source of distress ; for I had professed to be ~~in~~ an exercise of mind, and now began to fear I was losing it, and returning to my former stupidity and carelessness. Thus tossed to and fro, seeking rest, and finding none ; making ineffectual efforts to gain relief, I went along till brought to see my utter helplessness. At length I thought, I will throw myself at the feet of Divine mercy, and there lie, till help comes from God ; but if he refuse, I will die there !

Still my trouble and anguish remained, and despairing thoughts rested heavily on my mind. The Bible, which I frequently read, condemned me, and declared, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them;" and "The just shall live by faith," Gal. iii, 10, 11. The law I knew I could not keep; and faith, I knew not what it was. One time, however, reading in Isa. liv, from verse 5, to the end of chap. lv, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come," &c, I felt a considerable degree of comfort; but it lasted not long. John vi, 37, also afforded some transient gleams of hope, but they were soon gone; for being taught the Calvinistic creed, (I believed in the doctrine of election and reprobation; that a certain number was from all eternity elected to salvation; and let them do what they would, in the day of God's power they would be brought in. Also, that from all eternity a certain number was reprobated to damnation; and let them do what they would, it would avail them nothing; damned they must be, to satisfy divine justice;) it occurred to my mind, "How do I know that I was given to him? How do I know that I am elected? How do I know that I am not from all eternity reprobated to everlasting destruction?" I was ready to conclude myself one of the reprobates, that could not be saved; then I sunk as in the belly of hell, and sometimes was tempted to put an end to my miserable life; for I concluded, the longer I lived, the worse I grew, and the greater would be my condemnation. I wished for some secluded spot, remote from human society, where I might lament my unhappy state. Yet, even then, while thus severely distressed, to prevent my mates from knowing my condition, I endeavoured to appear cheerful when among them; and sometimes joined with them in their merry meetings, (when accidentally present,) farther than my conscience would approve; for which it lashed me so bitterly, that I

took no comfort day nor night. Then I would call myself a thousand fools for having joined with them, and resolve to mingle with them no more.

Before my conviction I was extremely prone to rudeness, lightness of conversation, and jollity. These were my easily besetting sins. When convinced of the evil of them, I often wished that something might make me leave them off, and bring me to be more sober. It pleased the Lord to send a severe fit of sickness, which reduced me very low. This was rendered the means, in a good degree, of effecting it. I lost my relish for these follies, and also felt more indifferent as to what they might think or say of me. I endeavoured to shun their company; and when among them was quite reserved and sober. They soon noticed it, and began to ridicule me, and call me *Separate*, &c. My sorrows, however, yet remained with me. Oft have I walked out into the fields alone, to bemoan my hard lot, that I was born for eternal ruin;\* and often wished myself a dog, or a toad, or any thing that had not to give an account to God. Oft have I suddenly stopped, to see if the earth was not opening her mouth to swallow me up; and sometimes durst not stir for fear it would. Sometimes, when taking my food or drink, I durst not attempt to swallow any more, lest it should choke me, and would rise from the table, and go away; and when urged to know what was the matter, would answer, "Nothing; I do not want to eat." When I went to bed, I was afraid to go to sleep, lest I should wake in eternity. Like one of old,

\* How much she suffered from wrong views of doctrine! Perhaps, none who hold to the same creed she then believed, wholly escape the same distressing, despairing exercises, when awakened and convinced of sin. How extremely well adapted is this error to serve the fell purposes of the grand adversary of God and man! either to bolster up the careless sinner in presumption, or drive the awakened to despair. How infinitely preferable is Truth! Had she then known the Scriptural doctrine of grace, free and full for all; and salvation made truly possible to all, how much distress and anxiety she might have escaped!

I was ready to say, "While I suffer thy terrors I am distracted," and "a wounded spirit who can bear?" It seemed as if all nature frowned upon me. Sometimes I thought I had sinned against the Holy Ghost. Once the devil tempted me to throw my Bible away, which I did, thinking I would never read it again; and refrained from it nearly a whole day. Then I was filled with blasphemous thoughts, and thought I had not long to live; that I was ripe for ruin, and that there was but a step between me and everlasting burnings. What tongue can express what my poor soul endured that day!

With a faint heart, and trembling hands, towards evening I went to my Bible again; when opening on Isa. liv, 4-11, for a few moments I felt great comfort, and took encouragement, that sometime or other the Lord would have mercy on me. Thought I, "If he will ever have mercy on me, I will thankfully wait for it;" but I was too great a sinner. To such and such an one of my acquaintance I could give these promises, but they were not for me. Thus between hope and despair, through various scenes I lingered along; but all this time endeavouring to conceal, as much as possible, my troubled state of mind.

During this period I was very intimate with a young woman by the name of Elizabeth Smith. We had run merrily together in the ways of the world; but now she was awakened to a sense of her lost condition, and directly after it was seized with a consumption; so that both of us were convicted for sin, but knew not each other's distress of mind. And both of us, when we met, would endeavour to be more cheerful than usual, for fear of exposing the inward feelings of our hearts. But as her distress of body increased, so did that of her mind. This being about Thanksgiving time, (November 25, 1786,) my father went to New-York, where he took the small-pox, and returning home, the whole family, five in all, took it of him.

This still more alarmed me : I thought it altogether improbable that we should all survive ; and I was the one to die. Now I was not afraid to tell my friend what I felt, nor she to tell me ; for we both bordered close on eternity, and viewed ourselves as very near the grave ! Our interview, however, was short ; and I returned home, to mourn over my misery alone. While greatly distressed, these words, " Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath saved thee ; go in peace," came to my mind, and afforded me a momentary peace. As for a moment, I was enabled to believe I should get through with the small pox ; but it did not last long. Again I was afflicted and tossed as with a tempest. When the disease came on, its appearance was threatening : the eruptions were very numerous, fine, and fiery. Now I thought, " I shall surely die !" My friends also were alarmed about me. Some sent me hymns, and others leaves of the Bible, that I might peruse them. But I was soon past all feeling about either life or death. I cared not which came. My senses were greatly stupified ; and I thought but little respecting my state after death. I could neither speak so as to be heard across the room, nor turn myself in bed for some weeks. Our neighbours frequently came to the door, and inquired, " Is Abby alive ?" To which it was replied, " Yes ; just alive." But it made no more impression on me than on a stock or a stone. One young man died in the house ; but the Lord in mercy brought us all through, and restored us to health again. My father had it very badly, but said he never experienced so happy a time in his life, except when he was first converted to God. I suppose he would as willingly have put off his mortal body, as his clothes at night to retire to rest. Oft times since have I heard him tell of the happiness he then enjoyed. After we got better, he and I would sing,

" Oh bless the Lord, my soul,  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.  
'Tis he forgiveth sins," &c.

He has often told me since, that if I had died then, he believed I should have gone to happiness ; but I fear I should not. Though I thought I felt happy and sincere, yet I fear my foundation was on the sand. I had not a clear evidence of my acceptance with God, though I thought myself very happy and thankful.

As soon as I was in a situation to go out, which was January 28, 1787, I went to visit my friend Elizabeth Smith. We were very glad to meet again on this side eternity. Indeed I was looked upon almost as one raised from the dead ! But in what a condition did I find my dear friend ! A deep melancholy had overspread her mind. Her exercises were deep and severe. The balm of divine peace she had not found. She frequently sent for me to read to her ; as by increasing weakness she was unable to read but little herself. One day her mind was greatly exercised ; and we two only being in the room, she said to me, " Don't you remember such and such a time and place, when we served the devil together ? " " Yes," said I, " I do remember it to my sorrow. " " Oh ! " said she, " my sins are like mountains tumbling down upon me. What shall I do ? what shall I do ? I know not which way to turn. Oh my friend ! " continued she, " do prepare for death before you come upon a sick bed. The distress of either body or mind alone is enough for one to endure ; but have them both together, it seems as if it were more than I can bear. Oh ! prepare for death while in health, and then you will be ready when the summons comes. "

She wanted none to visit her, unless religion was the subject of their discourse. When some came in to see her, and began to talk on worldly things, she

turned from them, and began to pray ; and after they were gone, wondered people would converse so little on the subject of religion. In her anxiety and distress, she sometimes prayed so loud, as to be heard at some distance. Observing her mother, who was a widow, to retire alone, she said, " Oh mother ! why will you not pray with me ?" After this she always prayed in her family, and may I not say, was a mother in Israel.

Not long after this that dear girl was brought out of darkness into marvellous light. The burden of guilt and sin was entirely removed, and she was happy in her Redeemer's love : in which state she lived till the 16th of April, 1787, when the mortal scene was closed in the same happy frame ! Just before she expired, looking round on her weeping friends, myself being among the rest, all bathed in tears, she fixed her eyes intensely upon me, and said, " Don't weep for me, but all of you lift up your hearts in prayer to God for me ;" and sweetly fell asleep ! And I think I have reason to conclude, that some kind conducting angel was ready to convey her happy spirit to the mansions of the blessed, where I trust she is now tuning her golden harp to the praises of God and the Lamb.

After her death the family manifested a peculiar regard to me, and took me for a sister. Her younger sister was then in good health, but in about three or four months was taken with a quick consumption ; and in one year, to a single day from the death of her elder sister, she also died ! She was seventeen years and one month old ; and I have reason to think also went to join in the song of redemption with the choir above. In about two or three years after, their good old mother followed them to the grave, and I trust to the regions of bliss. How joyful the scene when parents and children meet in heaven !

What to think of myself in those days, I am much at a loss ! Sometimes I felt happy, and at other times

miserable. I still continued to use the means of grace ; such as reading, prayer, and hearing the word preached ; but much of the time was like the troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. One time I fancied myself a pretty good sort of a person, and thought I grew good fast. I thought I loved every body ; could pray for my enemies ; could do good to those who entreated me evil, and persecuted me ; and indeed I felt as if I was pretty good. Passing by a peach tree in a neighbouring field, I thought of getting some of the fruit ; but it occurring to my mind that it belonged to another, and to take it without leave, would be stealing, I would not for the world have done it. My conscience was so tender, I would not have taken a pin or a stick from any one, without leave.\* My Babel of self-righteousness was now well nigh built, and in my imagination I had almost climbed to heaven upon it. By my works I thought myself as good, or better, than any around me. But it pleased the Lord to open my eyes to see my danger, and overthrew the rotten foundation on which I stood. Oh how great the fall from such a height to nothingness ! What a loss did I sustain ! All my righteousness was as filthy rags ; and I found I was less than nothing and vanity.

It is impossible for those who have not felt these exercises to know what I then felt. I have sometimes compared myself to a vessel at sea, in great distress ; the winds boisterous, the seas running mountains high, without anchor or cable, expecting every moment to be dashed to pieces. Truly this was my case. For while the sea of my transgressions was rolling like a flood upon me, Satan did not fail to blow up the boisterous wind of temptation, while I had neither the

\* It should be observed, that it is not to be understood that a strict regard to that command, "Thou shalt not steal," as well as to all the other divine commands, was not necessary ; but the making a self-righteousness of this regard, is what is designed to be condemned in these remarks.

cable of true faith, nor the anchor of gospel hope, that enters within the veil, to be my support and stay ; but was carried along by the tempestuous waves, and driven into the *Strait Dangerous*, between the two great rocks, Presumption and Despair ; and had like to have been dashed in pieces against them. If I endeavoured to avoid Presumption on one side, I was on the verge of Despair on the other. I was tempted to think it was all in vain for such a wicked sinner to expect mercy at the hand of the Lord, for I was not elected. Then it was suggested, I might as well give loose to the reins of wickedness, and take what pleasure in the world I could, as to live so melancholy a life, and go to hell at last. But the Lord kept me by an unseen hand, and preserved me, though in imminent danger, from being shipwrecked by either.

In these severe exercises I lost my former relish for food, and sleep departed from me. Sorrows encompassed me. Nothing but Christ and his grace was my cry. Give me Christ, or else I die, was the language of my troubled heart. If I thought of getting new clothes, I did not want them ; I had as many as I should live to wear out. Death seemed always near, and distressing fears sorely pressed me. Yet, at times, a secret hope of deliverance, some time or other, would a little cheer me.

At length, one sabbath morning, as I was thinking on my wretched state, and Satan was insinuating I was the worst of all, and that my case was singular, and therefore I might as well give up all for lost, I knew not what to do nor which way to turn ; I heartily wished if there were any as bad as myself, or that had the like exercises, I might know it. Just then I had a new borrowed book in my hand, entitled "Grace abounding to the chief of sinners," by John Bunyan. The book was entirely new to me. I sat down by the fireside and began to read ; and as I read, it seemed as if my thoughts and exercises were exactly pictured

out by it. I was surprised, and wondered, and still read on till I could read no longer: I could not refrain, I rose and went directly up stairs to give vent to the feelings of my mind. O what sensations I had within! I thought there was mercy for me. I felt happy, thankful, and wonderful! I fell on my knees to pray, but could hardly utter a word, but I wanted not tears, my heart and eyes were running over full: thanks be to God for his mercies to my soul. I suppose here I found justification, (though some to whom I have related my exercise think I did before.) But being inexperienced in the Christian course, like a young sailor, I was tossed about with winds and waves till I was run ashore on the *Island of Doubting*. On this desolate isle I had a long stay; and during it many troubles. Now I thought I had no religion, and my former exercises were gone. I prayed for conviction, but it was entirely gone. If I felt a degree of peace, I durst not take hold of it for fear I should be deceived. I could feel no convictions for sin, and feared I had sinned them away, and durst not take hold of the promises; and though I felt much opposed to it, was afraid I had gone back to the world. I thought I grew worse and worse, and was a hypocrite, and dared not to tell my mind to any one lest I should be called so. Much concerned because I was not concerned; I passed along in an uncomfortable way full of doubts and fears, though occasionally, transient rays of light and comfort beamed on my mind. Much I suffered for the want of an experienced Christian friend to whom I could freely unfold my state. At length, one day, my doubts seemed to subside, and I felt great peace of mind. Now, thought I, "I'll doubt no more." I was going to meeting, and suppose my joy of heart was easy to be perceived in my countenance. I went into the house and sat down; an elderly lady, an acquaintance of mine, observing me, inquired, "Abby, how do you get along now? have you found peace yet?" I

replied, "I know not; sometimes I think I have, at other times, that I have not. I know not what to think of myself." "O," said she, "I really believe you have." Then the devil turned upon me in this manner: "Now you have professed to be a Christian, and you are nothing but a hypocrite; she will inform the people that you pretend to be a Christian, and every one will be pointing and saying, 'There goes that hypocritical deceiver.'" Besides, I much feared she would tell Deacon Lee, who was considered to be a man of great experience. And now, thought I, "I shall have to give an account of myself to him. How can I do it? What shall I say?" In a moment my peace of mind was gone, and I would have given a world could I have recalled my words again. Well, thought I, "I will keep out of his way; I will not give him an opportunity to speak with me." As I expected, she informed him of it; and I endeavoured to keep out of his way, which I did till meeting was nearly out, feeling quite safe; when to my surprise the same deacon came and took hold of my cloak and desired me to tarry a few minutes, as he wanted to speak with me. I was scared almost to my wits' end, not knowing what to answer. However, I concluded to muster all the courage I was mistress of, and tell him frankly all my mind, and beg him to be candid and plain with me. Accordingly I related my experience; he bid me take courage and doubt no more, for he really believed I had more reason to be *joyful* than to *doubt*; and that I had religion, but *Satan* kept me doubting, but I must not mind him. I earnestly requested him not to deceive me, but to deal faithfully with me. Said he, "It is nothing uncommon for the devil to try young inexperienced minds in this manner. If he cannot win, he will endeavour to worry them. Twenty years," continued he, "I was tried in this manner before I could read my title clear, and get the mastery over him. And are you discouraged so soon?"

You have but just entered the field of battle ; you will have many difficulties to encounter, but do not fear." I returned home greatly comforted, thanking God that my case was not altogether singular, and that he had given me such a comfortable hope. From this time, I began to claim the promises as my own, and take courage in the ways of the Lord. And though I had many ups and downs, and dark seasons, the Lord was my light and my comfort ; and though I waded through great afflictions I found my comforts greater than my fears.

On the day I arrived at twenty-two years of age, I was reflecting on the increase of my days and taking a view of my past experience. It was almost seven years since I set out to seek religion, and nearly three since I professed, and I trust have possessed it. On strict examination, I found that during the past year I had grown in grace : with gratitude to God I resolved anew to live still nearer to him.

In the winter of 1791, I had a great combat with the Methodists respecting their principles, for I verily thought they were wrong, and valued myself considerably upon arguing. Filled with zeal, ambition, bigotry, and pride, I contested for final perseverance, and unconditional election and reprobation ; while they, on the contrary side, held up free grace, free moral agency, and free and full salvation for all men on gospel terms. I played my part in the contest as well as I could, and my opponents did theirs ; till at length I was in some measure convinced, and thought I would throw away all superstition, and be willing to be any thing or nothing, so I might but be in the right way. I often kneeled before the Lord, simply to ask of him the right way if I had not found it. Great were my trials : but I heard, saw, and felt so much of the power of religion among the Methodists, that I was soon convinced they were a chosen people of the Lord. I had formed an intimate acquaintance with a young woman,

a Methodist, who was an eminent pattern of piety, and this greatly attached me to them. Like Gamaliel, I would say, "Refrain, therefore, &c, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." So I concluded to say nothing for or against them, only to wish every one well.

On the 27th and 28th of the ensuing August, a quarterly meeting was held among them. I was in much hopes of being profited by the meeting; but though I felt an engagedness of mind, the prevalence of doubts and fears prevented much enjoyment. I told my state to a near friend, who laboured to comfort me: I retired to secret prayer, and blessed be the Lord, I found him precious to my soul. On Monday following he seemed still nearer. This day I trust I walked with God: though parting with my dear friend in the morning caused grief, yet I felt the love of God shed abroad in my heart. At noon, in secret prayer, I was greatly refreshed; in the evening, I retired again to address the throne of grace for myself and my friend, and found much comfort. The ensuing day also, in my school, the Lord was very precious, and I felt as if willing to depart and be with Christ.

Friday, September 2, 1791, I set apart as a day of fasting to the Lord. In my morning devotion, though conscious of a degree of coldness, with some doubts and fears, I felt somewhat engaged and a measure of comfort in family prayer. After which, I took my Bible and turned to Psal. xxx, 2, "O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me!" and verses 4, 5, "Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his name, for his anger endureth but a moment! In his favour is life; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." These words greatly comforted me. They proved as an anchor, sure and steadfast. Now I could say it was good to wait upon the Lord, for I found my spiritual strength renewed; my soul did

truly rejoice, and it was my cry, "O for a closer walk with God!" I wanted every breath to be devotion and prayer, and to yield my soul and body a living sacrifice to the Lord. In the ecstasy of my mind, I cried out, "Since no man can see thee and live, Lord let me die that I may see thee, and be with thee." O how did I long for the evening of death to come, that I might be with God in glory!

[As at night, after being wearied with the toils and labours of the day, we gladly lay aside our garments to go to rest; so the laborious, faithful Christian, encompassed with infirmities, exercised with trials, and groaning being burdened, rejoices when the hour comes to lay his clayed tabernacle down that he may rest in heaven.]

The next day, in morning prayer, I felt a little heaven, a prelude of the joys to come, in my breast. It did not continue, however, in such a degree through the day: for I found, to my grief, how liable I was to contract guilt, and felt the native depravity of my heart and the need of renewed acts of repentance and faith.

September 5. A heavy cloud hung over my mind: I was ready to cry out, "My heart will be unclean, the Canaanites will dwell in the land, I am troubled and bowed down greatly, I go mourning all the day long," &c. At night, in prayer, was a little comforted, and more refreshed the next day in reading a hymn adapted to my case, and perusing the Bible.

September 8. My soul is enlivened, my strength is renewed, and with David, I can say, "Come unto me, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together; for I sought the Lord and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears! O taste and see how good the Lord is. Blessed is the man that trusteth in him," &c. "Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my soul trusteth in thee! In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge," &c. My

soul truly rejoiced in the Lord this day, and I could say—

“ My father God, with an unwavering tongue.”

At noon, while going to my school, I had a blessed season ; my conversation was in heaven, though my body was on the earth. I felt as if weaned from the world and all its transitory joys ; and as if I could bid them all adieu that I might be with Christ above.

O Lord, great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them ! If I know my own heart I love thee ; I love thy people and thy cause, and choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Neither the world, nor the things of the world, are the object of my pursuit. I seek a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Methinks I long to fly out of time into eternity to be with the Lord.

September 9. Methinks “ I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies,” and climb to Pisgah’s top, this morning, and view the promised land. The brittle thread of mortal life alone hinders from passing into that heavenly Canaan ; and even now, while on this side Jordan, some clusters from the heavenly vine refresh my spirit and tell me, that ere long, if faithful, I shall be in full possession of the blessed inheritance.

September 10. Endeavoured to walk with God, and trust not in vain, though not so fully as I desire. This night I joined the Methodists. Though once opposed to them and their doctrines, it was when I was not properly acquainted with either. How careful ought we to be of speaking against any of the servants of the Lord, since,

“ The meanest saint that we despise  
Has an avenger there.”

I have seen a great work of God, and received great blessings among the Baptists ; but, a far greater work

have I seen, and found far more deeply experienced Christians among the Methodists. I desire not to be of Paul or Apollos, but of Christ. And to this end have renounced superstition, bigotry, and party spirit, and am endeavouring meekly to follow the despised Nazarene, through evil, as well as good report. Backbiting, slander, and reproaches of one denomination or individual against another, with a shy reserve of one Christian towards another, I cannot approve. O ! may the time soon come when error and sin shall flee away, and all the people of God, in heart and mind be one, and in sweet harmony march on in the heavenly way till they arrive at the regions of eternal unity and love !

Having cast in my lot with this despised people, I hope it may be a means of comforting and strengthening me. Through various scenes I passed till July 21, 1792, on which day our quarterly meeting was to be held at Canaan. In the morning I arose and sought in earnest prayer the divine blessing through the meeting : blessed be the name of the Lord, it was not in vain. He lifted up the light of his countenance, and I was as on Pisgah's top viewing the promised land, and expecting ere long to be in possession of it. The Rev. Mr. Everard preached from Solomon's Songs, ii, 14. My soul was greatly delighted during the sermon. " O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice ; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely ! " In discoursing from this text, he in the first place shewed, that in many respects the church of God might be compared to the dove ; as to its company—being alone, retreated far from the noise and tumults of the world. Chooses low places ; at the feet of Christ, in groves where they might gather food or manna, and where the Sun of righteousness might shine through the shady bowers and cheer their drooping spirits ; from whence also

they might dart away to the skies, near the Sun and take hold of that within the vail, would build her nest in a rock ; so the church on the rock of ages. Her company, conduct, discourse, food, habits, countenance, voice, all different from the ways and customs of the world. It was like honey dropping from the comb to my soul. It was a good day, and at night I felt happy in God.

July 22. A time of trial : felt a sense of the corruptions of my heart, and a desire for their destruction. At evening my comfort returned, and I laid me down in peace. In the morning I awoke calm and serene ; and looked up for divine assistance through the day, which was graciously bestowed. My soul was satisfied with his goodness ; my God was near. I was so happy while in my school, I could not contain myself. Twice I went out to pour out my soul before the Lord. His service I found to be freedom, and I felt as on the borders of the celestial land and longed to depart and be with Christ. I thought I could have endured any thing ; go to prison, to death, even to be burnt at the stake for his name's sake.

July 27. Friday ; this day, as is my usual practice, I set apart for fasting and prayer. Some part of the day I felt the Lord to be precious, and some part of it was distressed with a sense of inbred sin.

In the evening, hearing of a decline in religion in my dear friend S. S., who had been so zealous in the cause, it sunk with weight on my mind. My almost exhausted spirit could hardly sustain itself under the melancholy news. I retired to my room, fell on my knees, and poured out my soul to God. With sighs, groans, and tears, as well as I could, I prayed for her and myself. And when for tears, I could utter my request, I said, " Oh Lord, rather let me die than deny thee ! Oh God, though she is near and dear to me, rather than she should decline from thy ways, stop her breath in a moment, and take her to thyself

from the stormy blast ! Oh hide her in the grave ! rather than any should stumble over her into hell. Lord," thought I, "what am I living for ? Oh take me home to thyself, for I fear I shall dishonour thee ! I fear I shall not live agreeably to my profession. Besides, I am tired with the world : I cannot serve thee here as I ought or desire. Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done. If it be thy will I should continue longer in this world, make me contented, but faithful to thee."

July 29. This day being with those who did not care for religion, the time seemed long. I endeavoured to keep my tongue as with a bridle, and set a double guard over myself. I attended class meeting at one of our brethren's, and experienced a happy refreshing season. I was constrained to cry out, "The Lord is good, and his mercy endureth for ever ;" and "Thus far hast thou led me on, and I trust will keep me to the end."

July 31. Not so much engaged as I desire to be, yet think I can say, "The Lord is my portion."

August 1. Pungent convictions of the remaining corruptions of my heart. Oh the day when freed from sinning ! Would to God the time was come.

August 5. My soul was drawn out in love to God ; especially in class meeting. I was measurably affected with my own state, and that of my brethren and sisters ; and felt earnest desires that all sin might be eradicated, and for the fulness of peace and love. In some degree the fire of divine love seemed to glow in all our breasts, and kindled a little heaven within.

August 7. I count it an honour that I am worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. Once I thought I should never be a Methodist. But blessed be God, I have never been sorry I cast in my lot with them. I am willing to bear reproach for their sakes and the gospel's.

August 18. Our quarterly meeting began at North-

east; and a glorious day it was; a day of fat things to some, to whom it was as their meat and drink to do their heavenly Father's will. Others, who were weary and heavy laden, cried out for very anguish of soul. One young woman came forward, trembling, and fell down on her knees before the multitude, saying, "Oh Lord my God!—Dear Jesus, what shall I do?" Some of the brethren prayed with her, and it seemed as if "heaven to earth came down." Her soul was made happy in God before she rose from her knees. "We had the shout of a King in the camp, while the people cried, "Glory to God!" One young man got pricked to the heart, and came also, trembling, and fell down; for whom they likewise prayed; but he went away without finding deliverance, greatly bowed down. Several more were convicted, and cried to God for mercy. While some were crying, "Glory to God for converting grace!" others were rendering praises for the blood of Jesus, which cleanseth from all unrighteousness. Thus the work prospered, and we had a glorious meeting.

August 22. As soon as I awoke this morning I felt myself happy in God. I could see my Saviour on Calvary, bleeding and dying for sinners; and do not know that ever I have seen him more near than now. These words came to my mind:

"Oh what shall I do, my Saviour to praise,  
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace;  
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,  
The weakest believer that hangs upon him!"

I saw he was both good—and strong; and was willing to take him for my Prophet, Priest, and King; and cheerfully submit to his sway. It seemed as though my soul was in heaven. I lay till I could lie no longer; rose, fell on my knees in prayer to God, and

"The Spirit answer'd to the blood,  
And told me I was born of God."

Truly the Lord is good, and his mercy endureth for ever.

September 7, 1792. For some days past I have delayed writing,—I have felt so much in the dark, and fear I shall one day perish by the hand of mine enemy. The fear of losing heaven at last caused tears to flow down my cheeks.

“Just as we see the lonesome dove  
 Bemoan her widow'd state;  
 Wandering she flies through all the grove,  
 And mourns her absent mate:  
 Just so our thoughts, from thing to thing,  
 In restless circles rove;  
 Just so we droop, and hang the wing,  
 When Jesus hides his love.”

This morning I felt more engaged, and more freedom in private prayer. I could look up with increased confidence, and cry, “Abba, Father,” while the clouds began to dispel, and the sun to arise and shine upon my soul. I have been in a tempest some days; I could not shed a tear; my heart was hard as a stone. I tried to pray, but could not feel engaged; it seemed a task, and sometimes I omitted it, which brought condemnation on my mind. Now I feel myself set at liberty, and find the Lord a present help.

“O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,  
 He leapt, he flew, to my relief.”

My former peace has returned, and at noon my soul seemed soaring above.

September 11. Dull and indifferent, but not easy; I performed my duty as well as I could. An hour or two passed; I was very uneasy, and could not be contented. Again I strove to pray, and was a little comforted. At the hour of prayer I was sorely troubled with alluring worldly thoughts, and insinuations of the tempter, together with the corruptions of my own heart. I mourned my proneness to wander from my God, and said,

"Far from my thoughts vain world begone,  
 Let my religious hours alone ;  
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;  
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee."

And before I rose from my knees I began to feel

" My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
 And kindles with a pure desire ;  
 Come, my dear Jesus, from above,  
 And fill my soul with heavenly love."

I found I did love the Lord, and felt earnest desires ever to serve him.

September 12. My mind was calm and serene, and with Thomas could say, "My Lord and my God." With filial confidence I could go to the throne of grace, and ask for help in every time of need. Yet I saw I had a heart prone to wander from God, and felt the need of a deeper work of grace. Though once, with many others, I was much opposed to the doctrine, I now think we must have a clean heart, and right spirit within us, before we die ; for without holiness no man shall see the Lord ; and no unclean thing shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.

September 17. Not so much engaged as I desire ; and notwithstanding I felt some refreshings from the presence of the Lord ; and had some glimpses by faith of the heavenly Canaan. I awfully feared coming short at last. Oh how much better not to have known the way of righteousness, than after having known it, and enjoyed so much of the love of God, and received so many signal blessings from his hand, to turn from the holy commandment once delivered unto me ! Oh my God, forbid it should be the unhappy lot of thy unworthy servant ! Rather let me die with thee, than deny thee.

March 8, 1793. For some months I have omitted writing. During that time I have passed through varied scenes : sometimes in darkness, at other times in the light. I think, in a measure, I still retain the

peaceable fruits of righteousness. Oh Lord! revive religion in my heart, and ever be with me.

I have lately been sorely afflicted with a cancer in my arm. This dangerous sore reduced me so low, that my life was despaired of by nearly all who saw me. For the most part, I felt but little concern for my bodily health. My chief desire was to live the few remaining days of my life to the glory of my God. By the advice of some of my friends I went to New-York, to apply to some physician there; but after tarrying about a week, and gaining a small acquaintance with a few of my Methodist friends, I returned to Canaan without making any application.

I desire to bless God for every circumstance of life and dispensation of providence. His rod, as well as his staff, doth comfort me. After my return, hearing of a cancer doctor in Newtown, my father pressed it upon me, to go and try what he could do to effect a cure. Apprehensive that no means would be like to succeed, I felt indifferent, and almost reluctant to go. Out of regard to the advice of my father and friends, however, I went. On my way thither, I was much exercised with fears that I should find no religion in the place, in which case I expected but little comfort while there. Blessed be God, I was happily disappointed. The Lord was in the place, and I knew it not.

A kind providence directed our way to brother Allen Shepard's house, where I was kindly and gratuitously entertained. May the Lord be ever mindful of them. Part of my time I spent at Mr. Eliphalet Hull's, another very kind family. His second daughter, Abiah, was a very pious young woman, and a member of society. Another of his daughters, by the name of Esther, was under deep conviction, and at times almost ready to despair. My soul pitied her, and I laboured to comfort her, and trust that the Lord blessed my feeble endeavours. His two other daugh-

ters seemed to be sensible of their state by nature, and of the necessity of a change of heart.

While here I formed a most intimate acquaintance with the loving society in this place. They were few in number, and one in heart. How plainly do I see the hand of the Lord in leading me to sojourn for a short time in this place ! It was good for my soul, and it pleased the Lord to bless the means to heal my cancer ; and my health in a great measure was restored. When about to return, I found it hard parting with the society, and my dear aged friend, E. Hull, and his daughters, particularly with Esther, to whom I felt my heart so much attached. We were all in tears. Esther followed me about half a mile from her father's to brother Shepard's, where I tarried a short time, and then with a heavy heart, and great reluctance, bid them all adieu, hardly parting with my dear friend Esther, not expecting to see her more. May Heaven's blessings rest on her and on the dear families who showed such kindness to me when sick, and a stranger.

About two months after, in order to complete the cure of my complaint, I was obliged to come to this place again. A joyful meeting we had, and our souls were comforted together. But Esther was greatly troubled in mind still. I inquired of her how she got along in the ways of religion ? She fetched a deep sigh, and said she could not tell, while a silent tear stole down her cheek. " Oh Abby ! I know not what to do ; I can neither eat, nor sleep, nor work ; I know not what to do." I used every argument I could to comfort her ; I told her she must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation ; and laboured to prove, and convince her, that he died for all mankind, particularly for those who laboured and were heavy laden, and were striving to enter in at the strait gate. She was almost ready, sometimes, to claim the promises as her own ; at other times was in doubtful disputations. I tarried about a

week, and enjoyed good seasons to my soul, and then took my leave the second time, and returned to Canaan, to my friend Noah Howe's, where I remained the two or three following winters, going out to teach a school in the summer seasons. They received and used me like a sister; and no family, perhaps, will seem so near to me as this. Their kindness to me was great, and their afflictions I feel as my own. May they be rewarded beyond the grave.

I think it was in January 1794 I saw my friends at Newtown again. Esther gave me some satisfaction as to the state of her mind. Though sometimes she doubted of her acceptance with God, at other times she took courage.

After returning to Canaan, she and her sister Abiah often wrote to me, by which I found that Esther more and more obtained the love and favour of God, and joined the Methodist society.

As for myself, I did not retain that zeal for God I once possessed. Not that I had any desire to go back, but I had left my first love. I did not serve God with that spirit, zeal, and power I had done. This gave me trouble; I was sensible of my loss, and felt too lifeless and dead. Once I could pray seven times in a day; now but twice, and if business crowded, could omit one of these, though not without conviction for my neglect.

1795. Teaching a school in a place where they know not much of the power of religion, but only its form; they were civil, cheerful, and jolly; to which I was naturally much inclined, I was too often caught in the snare. Some would plead that it was no more than civility and good manners. Be that as it may, it often wounded my conscience, and I as often promised reformation. Sometimes I strove to be more engaged; but my devotion was languid, and my spirit dull. However, at times refreshing showers would descend, and gentle breezes sweetly waft my soul as

on the wings of heaven. Then I would promise a closer walk with God, but sad for me I did not always perform. As I have learned, that it is very unsafe to walk in that enchanted ground, and now was determined by the grace of God to return.

June 8, 1796. Heard the heavy news of the death of my dear Esther Hull. The tidings almost overcame me. In her I have lost a friend and dear companion in tribulation; Newtown a pattern of piety; her father a loving child; her friends a godly sister; and that little society a zealous worthy member. Her sister informed me, that she was always mild and condescending; seldom out of humour; steady and reserved; yet sociable, loving, and kind. Indeed one spirit of harmony seemed to run through that family. This dispensation of divine Providence in removing her from the church militant to the church triumphant, deeply impressed on my mind the lesson, "Be ye therefore ready also." For a time I was determined to double my diligence; but Satan and my deceitful heart too soon prevailed, and again I fell back from my good resolution. How ensnaring is levity! Let me warn all who may read this to beware of falling into it. Be serious, humble, heavenly-minded, and follow none but as they follow Christ.

One thing that occurred on the evening of August 8, 1796, I would not omit. Just after retiring to bed I fell into a dose; and as I thought, I heard a voice calling aloud to me, "Art thou a Christian?"

[Here her diary ends; although she lived upwards of twenty-seven years after this. Her general course, however, appeared to be like the path of the just, shining more and more to the perfect day. That she was convinced of the importance and necessity of entire sanctification, is evident from what she has stated from time to time, towards the close of her diary. But at what time she first experienced it, is

not known. By her intimate friends it is concluded, that it was before her marriage, which took place May 13, 1798. A letter, (No. 15,) in the following extracts shows that she enjoyed it at the time of its date, which was November 12, 1804.]

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EXTRACTS FROM HER LETTERS.

No. I.—*To Miss A. H.*

Canaan, July 3, 1793.

Dear Sister in the Lord,—Blessed be God that he called us in our early days to serve him. Blessed service! and happy reward in the end, even everlasting life! When I think how short time is, and eternity is in view, my soul is ready to leap for joy to see my journey so near its end!

A few more rolling suns, and our souls will be out of the reach of the enemy, and we shall be employed in singing praises to God in yonder happy world. Let us then endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus. Oh what are all our trials here! They endure but for a moment; and when we have suffered a few days more for Christ's sake, he will say, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you," &c. Oh happy day! Fight on, then, sister, and be faithful a little longer; exhort all around to flee from the wrath to come. Tell them that a few days more and they shall see this world in burning flames! the heavens departing like a scroll—the elements melting with fervent heat, the rocks rending, earth quaking, and graves opening: while Gabriel's trumpet sounds, "Arise ye dead and come to judgment!" mean while Christ appearing in the clouds of heaven, in power and great glory to take vengeance on their ungodly souls unless they repent.

Oh sister ! pray with me that righteousness may cover the earth as the waters do the deep. A. D.

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No. II.—*To Miss P. S.*

Dear Sister in the Lord,—With delight I employ my pen to-day, to tell you how happy I feel in the love of God ! Sometimes I feel so weaned from the world that I want to stay no longer in it, it is so full of sin, trouble, and affliction, I want to get home to Jesus, where sorrow and sighing are no more. Dear sister, let us go on unto perfection ; laying aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us : looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith. A. D.

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No. III.—*To Miss S. S.*

- An intimate Christian friend who had removed some distance, and had declined in religion ; though at the time this letter was penned, the writer had not heard of it.

—, July 15, 1793.

Loving Sister,—The love I bear to you, and the sincere regard I have for your immortal soul, induces me to write to you. It is now a long time since I have either seen, or heard from you : I have written several times, but have received no reply. I know I am not worthy of your notice, but a line or two from you, methinks, I should prize higher than gold. Oh sister ! you are still near my heart : I love you like a sister indeed, and long to know how you get along in the ways of religion. Suffer me to inquire whether you are as much engaged as ever ? Alas ! I fear you are not : should this be the case, where do you expect you will appear in a few days more, when the world

shall be wrapped in flaming fire, and the earth tossed from her centre ; the shuddering rocks reclining their heads and no place found for them ? When we shall be called to give an account of ourselves ; there all earthly friends will fail us. None but Jesus can do us good, none but Jesus can save us in that trying hour. Oh then, let us not cast him off here, lest he cast us off there ! Let me beseech you to take heed that you sell not your soul for an earthly friend which will not stand you instead in a dying day. Whoso loveth an earthly friend more than Christ is not worthy of him. May the God of heaven grant it may not be the unhappy lot of either you or me : may he rather take us from time to eternity, than suffer us to undo our souls for ever. Oh sister ! perhaps you may think it strange that I write in this sort to you. But what can be the reason I feel so much uneasiness about you, I cannot tell : but whether awake or asleep, my thoughts are still upon you. If I am awake, you strongly dwell on my mind ; if asleep, I am dreaming about you. The fields, the groves, and my solitary walks, and places of retirement, witness my flowing tears on your account. Oh sister ! has not the Lord lit up a candle in your soul ? See that you do not put it out. Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen and repent, and do the first works ; " else," he has threatened, " I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place." But to them that overcome, and are faithful unto death, he has promised to give a crown of life. Oh let it not be said of us that we put our hand to the plough and looked back !

Think not that I write to grieve you ; no, my dear, my soul loves you, and my heart pities you. My eyes are so filled with tears I can hardly write to you who have been my pattern. Oh what shall I do if I lose my guide ? My dear companion, and friend, read these lines to yourself if you please, and let no one see them. Pardon my plainness in writing to you. May kind

heaven protect you while in this vale of tears ; and at last bring you and me to sing the new song to all eternity.      A. D.

(See also letter No. XI, addressed to her.)

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No. IV.—*To Miss M. H.*

Canaan, June 5, 1793.

Dear Sister in the Lord,—The time seems long since I was with you. How gladly would I embrace the opportunity of seeing and conversing with you, but we know not that we shall ever see that time ; if not, I hope we shall meet in heaven to part no more. Oh my dear ! go on your way rejoicing ; though the way be long, the end is sweet. I know that many trials beset the way to happiness, and especially to young people : I am acquainted with them all. How many times has the enemy told me I should not hold out to the end, if I began so young ; and that I had better wait till I was older, for then it would do as well as now ! Sometimes he would tell me the Christian's way was so long and so rough, I never should see the end of it. And that I had better turn and take up my abode in this world.

“ But when such suggestions our graces have tried  
This answers all questions—the Lord will provide.”

Yea, the Lord will provide. Methinks I feel him present to-day. I feel as if I could spend my all for him, come life or death, just which he pleases to send. Methinks I see the end of the race this morning, time almost at an end, and eternity fast approaching ; and our souls swiftly moving to that clime where we shall see the face of our Lord with comfort. Glory be to God that he called me so young to his service ! Oh sister ! be not weary in well doing ; fight on, be faithful, and the Lord whom you serve, will soon come to take you to his everlasting rest.      A. D.

No. V.—*To Miss A. H. and Sister.*

Canaan, Sept. 15, 1793.

Dear Sister in Christ,—Where shall I begin the praises of my God? I feel so happy I scarcely know what nor how to write to you. I want to be entirely for God and none other. It is Jesus alone my soul delights to honour. Did you ask, why we loved each other so well? I will tell you, Jesus hath taught us so. If we love him we shall love his children also. “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.” Go on, my dear sister, in the ways of religion: keep the narrow road, be engaged in your Master’s service, and Satan cannot harm you. Be faithful, and though he may roar and tempt, he cannot prevail. Endure to the end, and you shall exchange the cross for the crown.

O Esther! be engaged for God: give yourself no rest till you find the friend of sinners; be not discouraged; he is on his way waiting to be gracious. Open your heart, and let the loving Saviour in. I feel engaged for you, and earnestly desire you may know what religion is. Your soul is near my heart. I carry you in my mind daily, may I not say hourly, and often on my bended knees, and earnestly desire you to be a companion to the celestial country. O Esther! Esther! come, go along with me: in my Father’s house are many mansions. I love your soul too well to have you stay and perish here.

A. D.

No. VI.—*To Miss N. H.*

Canaan, November 30, 1793.

My dear young Friend,—With much pleasure I received your kind letter, and rejoice to hear of the welfare of your body; but, my dear friend, remember the

soul is of the greatest importance. When I was with you, how it rejoiced my heart to hear you resolve to get religion ! I thought I could sing, "glory to God !" that some of my fellow youths were returning to him ; and could bless God on your account. But, O sister ! where are you now ? You tell me you have grown careless since my departure. But why ? Is not religion as good as ever ? Are you so soon turned from the truth ; and weary of serving the Lord, when his service is perfect freedom ? Is he a hard Master ? Are the world's company and wages better than His ? Or do you expect to be made happy by the world, and go to heaven when you die ? If you follow the ways of the world, you must expect to reap its wages ; which is death eternal. May God forbid that this should be your unhappy lot. But let me read your letter a little further > methinks I hear you say, you have some desires to serve the Lord yet. Glory be to God ! He is not willing to leave you here : He has not done striving with you.

" Yield to his love's resistless power  
And fight against your God no more."

Say, "Farewell, vain world, Jesus calls, and I must arise and go to him." Oh think how much the Lord has done for you ! See him on Calvary's mount dying for you and me. Can you behold him and not shed one thankful tear ? Be persuaded to choose religion now before it is too late. Oh ! that I was with you and could use some effectual argument and prevail. A. D.

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No. VII.—*To Miss A. H.*

Canaan, April 20, 1794.

Dear Sister in Christ,—I feel engaged for God : while I write my eyes overflow, and my heart is full of love to God, to consider what he has done for souls

so mean as mine. And shall I ever forget his love to sinful me? No: rather let my pulse forget to beat, than I forget my God, or cease to serve him; for then might all nature reproach my ingratitude. Shall I rest satisfied with the bare acknowledgment of my lips? May it not be; but let my life be vocal with that only genuine, and emphatic language, devout obedience. Oh sister! let us be engaged for God, and none other. Let us turn our backs on the world; and may Jesus lead and protect us on the narrow road, and bring us to praise his name through the countless ages of a glorious eternity.

A. D.

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No. VIII.—*To M. B.*

My very dear Sister,—What success do you meet with on the road to heaven? Are you pressing on through all opposition? Do you run, wrestle, and fight the good fight of faith? And are you a conqueror through Christ over the world, the flesh and the devil? Are you living soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world? Do you endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus? leaving the first principles of the doctrine of Christ and going on unto perfection? Are you leaving the things behind and pressing towards the mark of the prize—the crown of glory—the reward of the just? Do you bid adieu to vanity, and shun all appearance of evil, and all the vain fashions and maxims of those about you who do not love our Lord Jesus Christ? Are you willing to be called the offscouring of the world for the sake of the despised Nazarine? To be any thing or nothing as he pleases, and choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season? Oh! my fellow traveller to the eternal world, if these are your determinations and endeavours, may God speed you on your way, and give you a prosperous

journey, a safe arrival, and a happy admittance into the world of peace and joy. If the Lord has called you out of Egypt to go into the promised land, do not unhappily mistake the wilderness for it, and take up your abode there, but follow on till you obtain the inheritance. It is my lamentation that I follow Jesus at such a distance; yet I find a humble desire to love him more, and serve him better, and am trying to walk the narrow way to life eternal; hoping one day to arrive at the port of endless bliss. Oh! may you and I, my dear sister, so walk that when our course is finished here below we may join the triumphant throng above, for ever to celebrate the praises of the Triune God.

A. D.

Canaan, August 15, 1795.

P. S. After writing the above I heard of your marriage with a zealous, engaged professor of religion, and member of society. I rejoice that you have a companion who is like to be a helper on the road to the celestial city. Please to present him my respects, and accept my good wishes which attend you. Go on my dear friends, hand in hand, to the New Jerusalem; keep close to Jesus the heavenly bridegroom. And may he welcome you at last with the church triumphant to his heavenly kingdom.

A. D.

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No. IX.—*To Misses E. and R. H.*

Canaan, June 9, 1796.

My dear afflicted Sisters,—The unwelcome, and to me, quite surprising, news of your dear sister Esther's death reached my ears June the 8th. What a shock I felt! My heart and eyes were full; I could scarcely make any inquiry. Had she been my own natural sister, the tie would not have been much stronger. I feel the loss that both you and I have sustained; but doubt-

less what is our loss is her gain. I trust she has gained an eternal crown. How oft has she given you good advice : now that she is dead, pray take it and follow her as she followed Christ ! We are called to mourn : little did I think the next time I wrote, death would be the subject. She, with whom we took sweet counsel, is gone to people the regions of the dead ! How painful the thought ! Tears almost interrupt my pen. Can I come to Newtown and not see her ? Oh my sister ! my sister ! Ah ! she is gone ! But stop my soul, why these complaints ? Why grieve at her happiness ? Surely no : grace ! grace ! a sinner is saved ! Oh ! could we feel what she enjoys we should not wish to return. She has gone to keep an everlasting sabbath ! she has gained her rest first ! We will say, the will of the Lord be done. I will try to make the best of my way after her. Come, let us get in readiness to meet the bridegroom : let us slumber no more. Life is ever on the wing, and death is ever nigh.

A. D.

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No. X.—To Miss B. M.

Canaan, September, 13, 1796.

Dear and respected Sister,—When meditating seriously upon it, I am sometimes amazed to think how much the phrase ‘*Christian*’ implies ! If we were whole Christians, we should find as much work to do as we have time to do it in ; we should not find a moment to spare for trifling conversation. Self examination, useful conversation, reproving, advising, and comforting our fellow Christians and sinners, would find us ample employment for all our spare hours.

A. D.

No. XI.—*To Mrs. S. N.* (See also Letter No. III.)

Canaan, October 5, 1795.

My very dear Friend,—I have thought much on the happy moments I have spent with you in our early acquaintance. Oh what friendship subsisted between us! What love! what concern for each other's welfare! I can truly say no earthly object ever had a greater share in my affections than the dear person to whom I am now writing. My dear sister, do you not remember how we endeavoured to walk worthy of our Christian vocation, and to show ourselves approved of the gospel of Christ? that no one should have occasion to despise our youth; and strove to be an example of believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity? How we endeavoured to fight the good fight of faith, and to lay hold on eternal life, whereunto the Lord had called us? And how we had professed a good profession before many witnesses? not counting our lives (or rather our reputation) dear unto us; for we were made a spectacle unto the world; we were called fools for Christ's sake, and despised of all men. Though we were reviled by evil doers, yet we prayed for them: though they persecuted us, yet we were willing to suffer it. Though called the filth and offscouring of the world, we esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; for we had respect to the recompense of reward; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

I will, therefore, my dear sister, put you in remembrance of these things, though once you knew them, and was in possession of them. Oh my dear! suffer me to exhort you, as well as myself, to take heed that you do not lose the things you have wrought, but that you receive a full reward. I do not write to you

because ye have not known the truth ; but because you have known it, and that no lie is of the truth. Beloved, if your heart condemn you not, then have you confidence towards God. But if your heart condemn you, oh remember that God is greater than your heart, and knoweth all things ! Therefore, my beloved sister, seeing ye did know these things before, ye ought to have taken the greater heed, and not have been led away with the error of the wicked, and so fall from your own steadfastness ! Oh remember how much the Lord hath done for you ! Did he not give you to see your wretchedness by nature ? Did he not convince you of sin, both original and actual ? And did you not see yourself a poor, undone, heaven daring, and hell deserving sinner ? You had nothing to recommend you to his favour. Had he cut you off, and cast you into the hottest hell, would it not have been just ? Methinks you answer, " It would." But, oh my dear sister ! when the Lord Jesus condescended to lend a listening ear to the voice of your complaint, and to remove that heavy load of guilt and sin under which you had groaned, and set your captive soul at liberty, and bid you rejoice in a sin-pardoning God, how happy you then felt ! Did you not promise to be for God, and none other ? Did not your soul rejoice in a heartfelt experience of his goodness ? and were you not willing to follow him through evil as well as good report ? Recollect how engaged you were in the service of God, and what a concern you had for those who were turning back to the world. How often with real satisfaction do I look back on those happy days !

But is it so now ? Have you not wandered from the path of peace, and cast away your confidence, which hath a great recompense of reward ? Permit me to use plainness, and forgive my boldness of speech towards you. Oh my friend ! why will you crucify the Lord of life and glory, and put him to an open shame ? Why will you drive those rugged nails into

his hands and feet, and pierce his side again? How hard to be wounded in the house of a friend! What reason can you give for this hard usage? When was he unfaithful to you? or when did you find his promise vain? When was the world a better friend, that you should serve it in preference to him? Or is there nothing in religion? Are not Christ, heaven, and glory, worth striving for? Is your soul of no value? or is there nothing in communion with God? Is the Christian's hope worth nothing? or is it not worth the while to make your calling and election sure? My dear sister, do be prevailed upon by one that loves your soul, to "remember from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works;" for ye did run well; who did hinder you that ye should not obey the truth? My heart is enlarged towards you, and my affections strongly move within me. While I write, I feel fear, grief, compassion, and love towards you. Oh pity me in the midst of these! while I cannot call to mind the cause of them without a flood of tears. Do accept of my invitations, and turn to the Lord with all your heart, and he will heal your backslidings, and love you freely. Oh! what will you do in the hour of death, if you have no God, no Christ, to go to? or what appearance will you make at the bar of judgment? What shall you and I answer at that great day? Come, friend, it is high time for us to be up and doing. How many opportunities have we already lost! and how near we are to eternity, is known only to God! I am determined, for my part, through divine grace, to be more engaged in his service. Come, sister, will you go along with me? Look forward; see how many who set out after we did, have already got so far before us, as to be almost out of sight! Come, give me your hand, and let us try to overtake them. What do you say? Will you go, or will you not? If you will not, I must bid you farewell; I cannot stay to keep you company. No; Jesus calls,

and I must go. But how can I leave you behind ? 'Tis more than I can bear. May the Lord forbid it ! May the Friend of sinners pity you, and have mercy upon you, is the prayer of your unworthy friend,

A. D.

N. B. 'Tis understood that this letter had a salutary effect on her wandering friend.

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No. XII.—*To Rev. — B.*

Canaan March 3, 1798.

Dearly beloved and much respected brother,—When brother J—— brought us the unwelcome and melancholy news of your declining state of health, you cannot imagine what an effect it had on our poor dejected minds. Our hearts were pained with grief, and our eyes overflowed with tears, while a volley of sincere prayers were sent to heaven on your account. Oh brother! we acknowledge we ought to learn the lesson of resignation, whether in your life or death ! But how hard the lesson ! Far easier to teach, than to learn it. We have this, however, for our consolation, that if you die, you spent your latest breath in the cause of a good and gracious God, who will reward you with a crown of glory. Should this be the case, I will try to learn the language of the much esteemed Mr. Fletcher, "If God wants to house you before a storm, I shall only cry, 'One of the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof,' and try to make the best of my way after you." And if we abide faithful, we shall expect you to fulfil what you have often told us ; that is, to hail us on the banks of everlasting deliverance, and be ready to welcome us to our Father's house above. Oh my brother! while I am writing about that happy place, my heart burns within

me, and I am ready to take wing, and leave the world and sin behind. Oh take courage ! for you to live, I believe, is Christ, and to die is gain. The will of the Lord be done, whether in life or death. Be faithful, be bold, and meet your last enemy, the king of terrors, like a valiant soldier. And while passing through Jordan's stream, may Jesus, who has stemmed the torrent, hold up your head above the waters, and bear you safely and victoriously through, to the peaceful shores of a blessed immortality. Then all your spiritual children shall be as diamonds in your crown !

But I think I feel something within that foretels your revival from this declining state ; and that we shall yet have the happiness to see your face on this side eternity. It does appear to me as if the Lord would hear prayer on your account.\*

A. D.

Not long after this she was married to Mr. Thomas Eames, and moved to New-York. The concerns of a family, it is supposed, prevented her carrying on so extensive an epistolary correspondence with her Christian friends as before. From what letters are found, the following extracts are made.

No. XIII.—*To her Parents.*

New-York, January 8, 1804.

My dear Parents,—This is to inform you that the remainder of my family are well, and I hope our faces are set Zion-ward. I earnestly hope these lines may find you, and all that reside under your roof, enjoying abundantly the blessings of health and prosperity. But, above all, filled with all the fruits of the Spirit ; perfecting holiness in the fear of God. Oh ! that we all may abound therein more and more ; with

\* Mr. B. did recover ; and lived several years after this, and then died in peace.

all humility and holiness of mind adorning the gospel of God our Saviour in all things ; that we might show ourselves to be approved of God in very deed.

My dear father, I have thought much of late of my relatives above ; who, I have reason to think, are rejoicing in the presence of the Lord continually. But little however did I think that one out of my family would so soon be called to join the heavenly company. My little son for several days appeared to have a cold. On Sunday he was not as lively as usual. In the evening we gave him some medicine for the complaint, as we had done all the day previous, and he went to bed. About 12 o'clock he seemed to breathe very hard, and complained of being choked. Means were used, by which he became easier, and went to sleep. About three hours after he awoke, and complained as before, breathing very hard. We immediately sent for a physician, who prescribed some medicine, and came himself in the morning. Our unceasing efforts were made to remove the disease, but all to no purpose ! He remained a patient little sufferer till Tuesday morning, about half past five o'clock, when his spirit left its lovely little mansion, and I trust was conducted by angels to heaven !

“ Hosannah to Jesus on high,  
Another has entered his rest,  
Another has 'scaped to the sky,  
And lodged in Emmanuel's breast ! ”

But oh ! to return : my lovely babe torn from my breast by the grim monster, death ! Judge of my feelings ! Surely you can, for you have had the trial. But while, wherever I look, his place is empty, and the door mourns on its hinges, and his pleasant company no more entertains me, nor his lovely voice salutes my ear ; this soothes my heart and dries my tears, he is gone above where Jesus is, and all the heavenly hosts of angels, and all the blood washed throng, to spend an eternity in praising God and the Lamb !

While I write it seems as if I were drawn upwards too. Oh that I were there ! Lord make me meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light, and then transport my soul away to those blissful regions. Our family is now divided—part, I hope, in glory, and part in this vale of affliction ! I trust we are all striving to get to heaven : let us be faithful !—which is willing to be left behind ? Surely not one.

I think I feel resigned to the divine will respecting the death of my child, and believe it has been made a blessing to us. I hope we shall never forget the solemn scene, and may the Lord draw our hearts away from all created good, and place them on heavenly things.

A. E.

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No. XIV.—*To Mrs. M. H.*

New-York, March 1, 1804.

My dear Sister,—You may think I have neglected you too long : I have, I know, had it been convenient. But I have a large family to attend to, which renders it very inconvenient to converse with my much loved friends as I once did : I hope you will accept the will for the deed. I have often visited you in mind if not in body. Melancholy scenes have transpired since I saw you last. Last summer death mounted the pale horse and rode rapidly through the streets of this city, slaying his hundreds !! Oh how awful ! At all times of night and day the hearses were rumbling through the streets all around, carrying the sick to Bellevue, and the dead to Potter's Field ! But amidst it all the Lord spared me and my family ; though I believe I had a slight attack of the prevalent disease ; but the Lord was pleased soon to restore me. Since that he has smitten me in a very tender part : he has taken away my son ! my only son ! on whom, perhaps, my affec-

tions were too much placed ! He was taken very suddenly on Sunday night, and died the next Tuesday morning ! I know you can sympathize with me, for you have shared in the like affliction. I think I can submit to the will of God, and feel determined by his help to press on in the narrow way. A. E.

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No. XV.—*To D. and J. R.*

New-York, November 12, 1804.

My dear Brother and Sister,—It is not because I have forgotten you, that I have written no sooner ; for not a day has passed since I left Franklin, but what I have earnestly remembered every one of you before the throne of grace ; but many hinderances and difficulties have occurred. And now it has pleased my blessed Lord to lay his afflicting hand upon me : it is going on two weeks since I have been able to sit up at all. But though I have had great distress of body, my peace has been like a river ; I can never be sufficiently thankful, and bless his holy name. Oh ! help me my dear friends to praise the Lord for all his mercies. I am now sitting up on my bed and with a trembling hand making now and then a few crooked marks, and then throw myself back to rest. (But no more of this.) I want to know how your souls prosper in the divine life ! Are you happy in the love of God ? the love of God that passeth knowledge ? the perfect love of God that casteth out all fear ?

I remember you were asking me what sanctification was ? I wish I was there to tell you ; for my soul experiences that best of blessings. It is a blessed change of heart, far superior to that of conversion, that fills the whole soul with divine love. It is the loving God with all the heart, with all the soul, with

all the mind, and with all the strength. But I hope I am not writing dark sayings, for I hope you know them yourself. A. E.

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No. XVI.—*To — H.*

New-York, December 3, 1804.

Dear Sister,—I am just recovering from a severe attack of intermitting fever: my life was despaired of, and I never expected to see you more. It is nearly five weeks since I have set up but little; I now begin to stagger about the house. During all my sickness I had an unshaken confidence in God, and was happy in his love. I feel willing to live, and willing to die, and truly resigned to the will of God in all things. I could say welcome death the end of fears, I am prepared to die! I know for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. Oh my sister! the Lord wonderfully supported me, and made my bed in all my sickness, and kept my head above the waters. A. E.

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No. XVII.—*To her parents.*

New-York, June 30, 1809.

Honoured Parents,—This morning I received a letter from you which brings the afflicting news of my dear father's unfortunate fall, which very much affected me; for I assure you I feel your afflictions as my own. Are you distressed and in trouble? so am I. Are you healthful, prosperous, and happy? I am partaker of your joys. I feel that I am a complete sharer both in your sorrows and in your happiness. This life is interspersed with adverse, as well as prosperous providences; but, by and by, my dear parents, these chequered scenes will for ever cease; and pleasures consummate and unbounded will ensue. A. E.

No. XVIII.—*To M. C.*

Dear Sister,—I wish we lived near together : I think we might be a comfort to each other, and that I might be a help to the children. I cannot tell you half of what is in my heart ; I wish you were near, for I often feel so distressed about you, I know not how to content myself. May the Lord bless you, and make both you and me, as he would have us to be ; that in the day when he comes to make up his jewels, we may be acknowledged as his. The world has but small charms to a spiritual mind ; it is not designed for our resting place, neither must we look for rest in it. We are but sojourners, strangers, and pilgrims here below, and while travelling through time, we lodge in it as it were for a night, and then are gone. Let us then be determined as for us we will serve the Lord.

Give my most affectionate love to my dear aged father ; whose earthly house is ready to fall ; but I trust he will soon go to that heavenly house, where I hope all his family, with his children's children to the last generation, will be brought, with all that love our Lord Jesus Christ throughout the habitable globe. Amen.

A. E.

No. XIX.—*To Mrs. J. C.*

New-York, Dec. 30, 1817.

My dear Sister,—I have not written to you since sister M. E. died. I was with her the greater part of the time for nearly five weeks before her death. Such patient resignation to the will of God ; such love and affection to all, both friends and foes ; with such longing to depart, and be with Christ, seemed to pervade her whole soul, that I almost longed to be in her stead. A few minutes before she breathed her last,

she said, she had a glimpse of the crown that awaited her ; and cried out, " Come, Lord Jesus ; come, Lord Jesus ;" till her happy spirit took its flight to the regions of eternal day, and left us to toss on the world's tumultuous wheels a little longer ! How often have I envied the deathbed of the faithful Christian ! and thought, " Will it ever be my lot to die the death of the righteous ? Shall I be favoured with the continued smiles of a reconciled Redeemer on a dying bed ?" I think it is my sincere determination to be a Christian ; but when I consider how much this implies, and meditate on the length and breadth, and depth and height, of the love of God, I am ashamed of my performances, and am sorry I have not lived more to the glory of Him who called me out of darkness into his marvellous light, above thirty years ago.—Dear sister, help me by your prayers. A. E.

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No. XX.—To J. C.

Dear Brother,—We never till yesterday heard of S——'s death : it was very unexpected. I hope it will be attended with lasting benefit to all ; and to his relatives in particular : but above all, that the impression it made on A——'s heart will never be removed, till it ends in a sound conversion of her soul to God. She ought to consider how highly responsible she is for her conduct ; more so than almost any other ; considering she has an old gospel minister for her father, and an old gospel professor for her mother. She ought to know, and I hope does know, that she is accountable to God for all these advantages ; and that she will set out in earnest to save her soul, and to give an example worthy of a Christian before her dear brothers and sisters ; as, comparatively speaking, she is the oldest, and they will be apt to imitate her. What

a dreadful account must she give, should she be the unhappy instrument of leading them all astray ! But if, by her godly walk and conversation, she should be the means of leading them in the way to heaven, how joyful would be the reflection, when they all meet above in their heavenly Father's kingdom !

A. E.

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A. E. was much engaged in relieving the poor. Her benevolent heart was engaged in this work, with a zeal far surpassing that of many. She sought out those who were in distress ; and was not ashamed to be seen going from place to place, carrying with her the things needful for their relief. To cellars and garrets, poorhouses and prisons, she repaired, to alleviate the man of wo ! At one time, having heard of a poor woman in a cellar kitchen who was sick, and destitute both of food and fuel, she went to visit her, and though it had begun to storm, she repaired to the market, and procured a number of articles, nearly the weight of a bushel of wheat, through the cold, rain, and snow, by which her clothes were frozen ; but she carried them to her relief. Neither false shame nor indolence deterred her from being actively merciful after her power, to those in distress and want.

She not only contributed according to her ability from her own resources ; but was also actively engaged in soliciting aid from others for this purpose. A few days previous to her death it came to her knowledge that a pious family were in want. She could not rest till she had made known the case to some benevolent friends, and obtained relief. Her charitable disposition was ready to embrace every opportunity of assisting the needy. To a brother and sister in the Lord, who had a family, and were in need, she writes :

New-York, May 2, 1823.

"We received your's of 28th April, which gave information of your safe arrival home, and was pleased to hear of it. I wrote you last Saturday, which I suppose you have received before now, with eleven dollars in it. We now send you six more, which in the whole will make twenty, with the three S—— took with her. I am thus particular in writing, so that you may know whether you received the whole. I wish you to be particular to inform me whether you received it. I don't expect we will be able to make up any more ;—so with the blessing of the Lord you must do the best you can with it. I wish you could buy a good cow with it. If you cannot, you must add a little more. Do not be discouraged ; the Lord will take care of you yet I trust.

"May the God of Jacob, that carried the tribes of Israel to possess the land of Canaan in peace, bring you every one to the Canaan of eternal repose on the other side of the bounds of Jordan ; when all these little trials will disappear, and you will look back on this little scene of things with holy triumph !"

A. E.

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The deceased was about sixteen years of age when she experienced the pardon of her sins ; and lost not the entire evidence of her acceptance to the day of her death.

It was 32 years last September, since she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, (being then 22 years old,) believing the doctrines of Methodism pure and scriptural ; and has ever since remained an established member of the same. She has enjoyed the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit more or less since the first of her pilgrimage.

We can truly say the Word of God was the rule of her faith and practice. She taught it to her family daily ; yea, with her children her labours were indefatigable, in teaching them the pure truths of the gospel ; and she was a loving and faithful wife, a help-mate indeed ; and an affectionate and tender mother. She was a woman of good natural abilities, and a strong advocate for the Truth. It may well be said of her, that she strove to fulfil our Saviour's words, when he said, " I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat ; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink ; I was a stranger, and ye took me in ; naked, and ye clothed me ; I was sick, and ye visited me ; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." She was faithful in the discharge of her duties till the last day of her life. Five years have elapsed since she has been afflicted with the cancer and chronic rheumatism. The consumption set in better than two years ago, at which period she had the inflammatory rheumatism for three months, to that degree, that she could not move any part of her body but her hands ; in which she held the Sacred Scriptures, and read them through, with considerable of Dr. Clarke's Notes, in twenty-five days, to the great astonishment of all who knew it !! She endured her afflictions with unwearied patience and Christian resignation ; and would frequently wish that the time might come when she should be made a full partaker of the joys of heaven ; but then she would check herself by saying, " But I must wait all the days of my appointed time, till my change come !" Job xiv, 14.

One afternoon a friend called to see her, and found her exulting in the prospect of a blessed immortality. She held the Bible in her hand, and opened on Rev. xiv, 13, " I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write ; blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them !" She then observed, " Blessed indeed are

they that die in the Lord !" repeating it several times with emphasis. " But," said she, " I have no works to follow me. I trust alone in the merits of Christ." She then directed her discourse to her friend, asking her, if she ever found any substantial good in the world ? and observed, " The vanities of the world appeared like straws and bubbles floating on the surface of the water." She then requested her to make " a solemn covenant that hour, to be the Lord's for ever ;" and then turned to the 7th of Revelation, and began at the 9th, and read to the 15th verse, as follows : " After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands," &c. Then said, " Oh I wish I was there !" But checking herself, she asked, " Is not that wicked ?" In reading the 14th chapter, where they had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, she said, " This is hard washing : " (doubtless referring to her long and painful sufferings.) Then immediately looking forward to the time of her release, she wondered why Mrs. Dobbins (the person she had fixed upon to make her shroud) had not been there before ; as she wanted to give her some directions about making it ; while her countenance beamed with cheerfulness and delight. She then dwelt with holy triumph on the resurrection, saying, " This vile body will not be confined long in the grave ; but be raised immortal !" Then added,

" There is my house and portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home !"

A few nights after, a number of Christian friends being present, one observed, " What a privilege it would be if sister Eames could converse !" she answered, " I cannot talk much more with you ; but be

faithful until death, that we may all receive a crown of glory!" "In my Father's house are many mansions," &c. One day, speaking to a friend, she said, "I feel as if I had an inheritance among the saints in light; and that there is a palm of victory, and a crown of glory, awaiting me!" and added, "I feel strong in the Lord. My feet are fixed on the Rock of ages!" She used frequently to say, "I know the Lord will not deceive me; for the Strength of Israel cannot lie;" and repeated those strong texts of Scripture—"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people," &c. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and are safe."

The day she died, (March 10, 1824,) she said, "I have proved the Lord already; and I am going to prove him to the uttermost!" and repeated these lines:

"And let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint or die;  
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high:  
Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long sought rest;  
That only bliss for which it pants,  
In the Redeemer's breast!"

When she had taken a last farewell of all her family and friends who were favoured to be with her in the last trying hour, she said to her sister, "Tell brother Coleman, (meaning her husband, a Methodist preacher,) the Lord said, 'Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled.'" Believing his word and promises should for ever stand unbroken. As her daughters were reading some very suitable hymns to her, just before her departure, these in particular;—"Happy

soul thy days are ended ;” “ What are these array’d in white ;” “ Vital spark of heavenly flame,” &c, her smiling countenance beamed forth with heavenly delight ; while with her dying breath she almost continually replied, “ Yes, yes.” When she could speak no longer, she raised her dying hands in token of victory, till she clasped them in death ! while she seemed to have a view of the heavenly convoy, that were ready to escort her happy spirit home to her eternal rest !! This seemed particularly evident when those lines were repeated out of the hymn, called, “ The dying Christian,” namely,

“ Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring ;  
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly !  
O grave ! where is thy victory ?  
O death ! where is thy sting ?”

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Having had a knowledge of ABIGAIL EAMES, the deceased, for the space of fifteen years ; I think it my duty and privilege to say something in behalf of my endeared friend, who is gone from works to an eternal reward ! In 1805, we became intimately acquainted, and engaged with the arduous work of the Lord Jesus, in visiting the poor house, bridewell, state’s prison, and the sick. Abigail Eames was to me, as Joshua was to Moses ; for she lifted up my spiritual hands by faith and silent prayer !

Many strove to separate us, but our souls could not be divided ; neither our bodies, till death made the breach by closing her mortal eyes ! I found in her (who is gone ! gone ! to glory !) a mother, sister, daughter, and sincere friend. We generally occupied our sabbaths in the houses of misery when I was able,

but when I could not go for want of strength, my dear Abigail read to me in the holy Bible, or some religious experience of the saints of God, whom she has joined in the songs of praise to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! The various acts of her mercy to many which I was witness to cannot be numbered; but not one work (wrought in love) is forgotten of God. The summer of 1810, we went down to George's-street in the morning for two months, and to the Park in the evening to preach to the harlots and deists, who are void of true wisdom, and I believe our labour was not in vain in the Lord.

Whenever I came to New-York, my dear friend received me with open arms, and a loving heart filled with mercy. We have been with dying saints, and sinners pleading for grace, and strength to bring them through the valley of death! I might now write a whole volume of the things that were praise worthy of my endeared friend, but as I have many times named her in my own manuscript, it seems unnecessary to go through the same here, as I expect to publish our labour of love that is united, soon.

My friend Abigail, had great pity to the women of ill fame; knowing her preservation was of God, who had given her a virtuous man as a guardian, as well as a tender husband in her long and tedious affliction, which is the time to prove true love, and a faithful friend.

The last act of mercy that we were engaged in together, was in 1819, to go to bridewell, to visit Rose Butler, and attend her to the place of execution!

I know of a truth that my beloved friend is enjoying sweet rest in God, while among the heavenly throng of glorified saints, worshipping our lowly King Jesus round the throne where he is seated in his Father's glory! Happy spirit, shall I not soon reach the royal palace? I answer, Yes, for thee; because I feel thee

as a ministering angel, who encourages me to be faithful unto death, that I may also receive the crown of glory, and join the blessed hosts of heaven.

Who would not desire to die the death of a Christian? the death of my choice friend, who now beckons me to make haste with my earthly work, that I may walk with her to the throne, and cast our crowns together at the sacred feet of Jesus, Lord of all !

Where shall I find an earthly friend to assist me in my toils in this city, like this departed spirit? Where meet with equal sympathy? Where the mercy from a heart filled with love to the human family at large? I am at a loss still to know, for her unshaken faith, love, courage, perseverance, and mercy are only in heaven-born souls, who are enriching themselves by continual works of righteousness. If I, a stranger in a strange land, can feel the loss thus great, how must her husband feel? Is not his loss irreparable? Can he find another Abigail? I fear not such a valuable wife, who was a help-mate indeed.

Her two daughters I know have felt the want of a pious mother's walk, as well as her godly admonitions, industry, economy, mercy, and love, the pure traits of her distinguished character. Her relatives witness her loss lamentably I believe, as a good obedient daughter, kind sister, affectionate aunt, who strove to accommodate each, according to her spirit of love and generosity. The neighbours round her dwelling were supplied with any article that her house afforded; and when sick she ministered the words of life unto them from the spirit of God within her. The church militant hath sent another eternal member from earth to heaven, to testify that the redeeming love of Jesus hath cemented her to the church triumphant as a living stone to the sacred tabernacle or temple which is set up eternally. Oh! I long to go home to glory to my Saviour, who has ransomed me with his precious blood. For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. Oh!

I long to see all the redeemed with my endeared Abigail's happy spirit. On earth I have no abiding city, and I believe we shall soon meet and greet each other with holy triumph, to spend an everlasting sabbath of joy together; tuning our sacred harps in songs of praise to our Almighty Conqueror.

DOROTHY RIPLEY.

NEW-YORK, 5th of 11th Month, 1826.

FINIS.

